

## LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

How to Awaken Interest in Civic Improvement.

Every person loves in some degree ornamentation and the beauties of nature. It often occurs that a business man is so engrossed in his affairs that love of the beautiful has no chance to develop, and sometimes when such a one retires this appreciation develops so rapidly that we know it was but slumbering. Often, too, one has to travel in less favored lands than his natural surroundings or even to be shut out of a sight of natural beauty in a hospital ward or prison cell before the taste is properly awakened.

No student of Byron can fail to be impressed by the love of the beautiful evidenced by the poet in his "Prisoner of Chillon," where he so vividly describes the song and appearance of the bird both seen and heard through prison bars, nor how beautifully he describes the scene opened to the prisoner's view when he succeeded in digging steps in the wall that would enable him to look through the grated window and see mountains, expanse of water, the distant city—

And then there was a little tale,  
Which in my very face did smile,  
The only one in view—  
A small green lake, it seemed no more,  
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,  
But in it there were three small trees,  
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,  
And by it there were waters flowing,  
And on it there were young flowers  
growing  
Of gentle breath and hue.

It occurs in many lives that but a suggestion is needed to change the whole current of thought or bring to life the slumbering love for the beautiful. Civic improvement associations have often received the widest appreciation and financial support from men and women known for years to take no interest in civic beautifying. Workers along these lines should not be discouraged by a lack of encouragement. Keep right on with all the aid you can command—if your cause and work are good the results will kindle in many hearts that smoldering appreciation that may in the end be most productive of common good. A primping up of your premises is sure to awaken your neighbor from a seeming lethargy or indifference, and before long the whole community will be working in harmony to build the city beautiful.

## BEAUTIFYING FARMS.

Progressive Jerseyman Pushes "Park Idea" in Rural Sections.

Adoption of the park idea in beautification of farm landscapes is being advocated and worked out by Henry H. Albertson, proprietor of the famous Green Hill dairy farm, near Burlington, N. J. The farm is situated on the Oxmead road, one of the most popular drives about Burlington, and a scheme for having other landowners follow his example is being agitated by the proprietor, who is prominent in grange circles.

Four different roads cut through the immense acreage of the Albertson farm, and along these all fences have been removed. Only fields used for pasturage are fenced. The farm is further bounded by rows of silver and sugar maples, and wherever there is an opportunity for improvement of the landscape this has been done without interfering in any way with cultivation of the land. The first impression of a visitor is that the farm is an immense park.

Farm beautification ideas are spreading through this section, and it has only needed the initiative of an energetic leader like Mr. Albertson to bring the matter to a head. Many neighboring farmers are pledging themselves to carry out somewhat similar plans to those adopted at Green Hill. Many, where it has been impossible to do away with roadside fences altogether, have replaced unsightly structures with arbor vitae and privet hedges.

## Make Your Village Known.

Nearly all travelers desire to know the names of the places they are passing through, and many complain that the railroad doorplates to the cities in towns in many localities are practically retiring in their habits, and it is puzzling to discover the reason therefor. Is it municipal pride, love of secrecy or is it pure shiftlessness that makes it possible for a large majority of our towns to completely hush up their geographical identity and to allow this signal breach of neighborliness? An attractive civic railroad entrance with a pleasing and visible "name plate" is for a community what a gracious manner and an artistic visiting card are to the individual. These are suggestions villages ought to carefully consider and promptly act upon.

## To Form Lake Within Village.

A meeting was held recently under the auspices of the board of trade of Le Roy, N. Y., for the purpose of considering the plan of beautifying Le Roy by raising the dam at Main street and setting the water back in the Catskill river so as to make a miniature lake in the heart of the village. The company which owns the water right has agreed to raise the dam without expense to the village if the latter will be responsible for damage for overflowing lands. An increase of eight feet would allow launches and small craft to navigate the river a considerable distance.

## School Ground Improvement.

The present is a good time of the year to note the appearance of school grounds, for the defects, especially the insufficiency of vegetation, are most apparent at this season, the wane of summer. The school on the outside should be just as attractive to the pupils as is the inside. Then, indeed, is a place to gain a broad education.

## PEDESTRIANS' WOES IN 1910

Glimpse Into the Future That Many Will Be Inclined to Think Is Not Overdrawn.

Chug-chug!  
Br-r-r! br-r-r!  
Honk-honk!  
Gilligillug-gilligillug!

The pedestrian paused at the intersection of two busy cross streets.

He looked about. An automobile was rushing at him from one direction, a motorcycle from another; an auto-truck was coming from behind, and a taxicab was speedily approaching.

Zip-zip! Zing-glug!

He looked up and saw directly above him a runaway airship in rapid descent.

There was but one chance. He was standing upon a manhole cover. Quickly seizing it he lifted the lid and jumped into the hole just in time to be run over by a subway train.—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## STRENUOUS EMPRESS.

The empress dowager of China is a woman of spirit. One of her chief recreations is wrestling with the women of the court. In her palace is a vast apartment set aside for the practice, and each afternoon she has a turn or two with her attendants. Some time ago it was suggested to the empress that fencing would be a variation. She agreed to the proposal, and a European drill sergeant was engaged. But the first lesson settled the empress's views. Fencing was too tame. After the demonstration she went up to the instructor, took his foil from him, flung it to the other end of the room, and seized the sergeant. After a severe struggle she made him touch the ground with both shoulders.

## VALLEY OF DRY BONES.

There is in Ceylon a valley of dry bones. This valley, near Talawakele, is said to be a vast underground tunnel, with numerous entrances and exits. According to English planters in Ceylon, when an elephant feels its last hour approaching it will, if permitted to do so, escape into the jungles and die. Once the sick elephant gets away it is never seen again. Where they go is a problem. As they vanish so mysteriously in the hour of death the tale is told by the natives that they die in an underground cave. The particular cave, however, has never been discovered, though numerous expeditions have sought for it. The person who finds this elephant sepulcher will probably reap a fortune.

## HELPI



He—Supposing I were to kiss you?  
She—I should scream for help.  
He—But I shouldn't want any help.

## THE COLONEL'S APPLEJACK.

A story is told of a colonel in Gen. Lee's division in the late civil war who sometimes indulged in more applejack than was good for him. Passing him one evening, leaning against a tree, the general said:

"Good evening, colonel. Come over to my tent for a moment, please."

"S-S-cuse me, G-g-en'ral, s-s-cuse me," replied the colonel. "It's 'bout all I can do to stay where I am."

## NOT IN THE RHETORIC.

"What we want from you is a speech that will make sparkling and forceful reading from beginning to end."

"Impossible," answered the campaign orator. "What you suggest is a three-column epigram."

## ECONOMY.

Howell—How many meals a day do you have?

Powell—Two. We have breakfast, and then it takes my wife until dinner time to decide what to have for luncheon.

## NOBODY GUESSED THE NAME

Long-Headed Boys Had Hit on Great Scheme to Keep Appellation of Society a Secret.

The eight-year-old son of a well-known cartoonist attends a Sunday school in which the boys have formed what they call secret societies, the only "secret" being the name. The initials of the society are always made public and if any boy of a rival society guesses their signification the name is at once changed. It was two weeks before anybody guessed, for instance, that T. S. meant Temperance Soldiers, but recently Georgie came to his father and said:

"We've got one now they'll never guess."

"Well?" queried the father.

"Promise you'll never tell," asked Georgie.

The promise was given.

"M. E.," said Georgie. "They all think it means 'Methodist Episcopal,' but it don't—it stands for 'Merican Eagles.'"

And thus far nobody has guessed. —Success Magazine.

## AN IMPROBABLE STARTER.

"And so you are not married yet?"

"No."

"Engaged?"

"No."

"Expect to be?"

"No."

"What's the matter?"

"Well, papa says that my husband must be a keen and experienced man of good health and good habits. Mamma says he must be frugal, industrious, attentive and moral; and I say that he must be handsome, dashing, talented and rich. We are still looking for him."

## HIGH-HANDED COURTS.

Mrs. Galey (with newspaper, angrily)—It's a crying shame the way those high courts pay no attention whatever to the wishes of the people! Such high-handed proceedings I never heard tell of.

Mr. Galey—What's the trouble now, dear?

Mrs. Galey—Why, in that Fassett divorce case the court decided the names of the co-respondents should not be made public.—Argonaut.

## EASY VICTIM.

"You've got whiskers to burn," was the suggestive remark of the barber, as he inspected the long, straggling beard of the man in the chair.

"All right," said the customer, with a sigh of resignation. "You can go ahead and singe 'em."

For he didn't know but the barber's next suggestion might be that he make burnides of them.

## THE CROWNING CRITICISM.

"Do you expect to make people believe all you say in your speeches?"

"Of course not," answered Senator Sorghum. "An auditor never wants to be enlightened by any new facts. What he wants to hear is something he already believed, so that he can say 'Them's my sentiments!'"

## ERA OF ORGANIZATION.

"Do you understand the differences between capital and labor?"

"Not exactly," said the cautious citizen. "It seems to me that they both have their troubles. The workman has to keep his eye on the walking delegate, and the business man has to be on the lookout for the captain of industry."

## SEIZING OPPORTUNITY.

"Don't you think you are taking big chances in permitting your daughter to marry that man?"

"I'd be taking bigger chances not to."

"I don't see how?"

"She might not marry at all."—Houston Post.

## THE CLARION OF VICTORY.

Mrs. Railfense (at the supper table)—There's an auttomobile horn a-footin' like mad.

Mr. Railfense—Darn 'em! Must 'a' killed a cow tew be crowin' about it that much!—Puck.

## OVER-WISE.

"Prof. Boogles is a fine example of too much learning."

"What's your drift?"

"He can predict a shower of rain, but when it comes he hasn't common sense enough to keep from getting wet."

## MAY BECOME A LOST ART.

Do women do as much preserving and pickle making as in former years? is a matter of interest, and it is probable that they do not. In the years, when it was not possible to get tropical fruit in the winter it was necessary to preserve and pickle home products. Now it is really not necessary and most physicians agree that fresh fruit is much better than that preserved with so much sugar. Those who have a tendency to get fat should avoid preserves.

## LITERARY ADVICE.

"Here," said the author, "are some real gems of thought."

"You ought to know better than to bring around such things," answered the publisher. "People don't want gems. They want something that hits hard. Stop bothering with gems and get together some brickbats and cannon balls."

## HIS LEADING SPECIALTY.

"Your husband is a chicken fancier, is he? What is his favorite breed?"

"Well, I am not certain, but I think it's the White Pippin."

## FINANCIAL AND SOCIAL NEWS.

"I see you are still engaged in high finance."

"A little," confessed Mr. Comrox.

"How are things going?"

"Same as usual. I'm doing my best to keep my name out of the newspapers and mother and the girls are doing their best to get theirs in."

## TRIP NOT ALL WASTED.

"I've walked many miles to see you, sir," began the tramp, "because people told me you was very kind to poor chaps like me."

"Indeed?" said the genial, white-haired old man. "Are you going back the same way?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah. Well, just contradict rumor as you go, will you? Good morning.—Stray Stories.

## SUBSTANTIAL PROOF.

She—Am I really the dearest thing on earth to you, Harold?

He—If you doubt my word, darling, I have the bills to prove it.—Baltimore American.

## HEAD AND FOOT.

"Miss Gidday is a splendid dancer; so light on her feet," remarked Mr. Waix.

"Think so?" replied Miss Chellus.

"Oh, yes, light in the extreme."

"You mean light in the extremes, don't you?"

## AT THE CONCERT.

Very Amateur Musical Enthusiast—Magnificent! Perfect! His time is superb. Don't you know what it is, Brown?

Brown—Um! Sounds like something from Bradshaw.

## A FAVORED FOWL.

"I has been told," said Miss Miami Brown, "dat de parrot is one of de longes' lived birds dat is."

"De statement," replied Mr. Erasmus Pinkley, "is strictly ornithological."

"I wonder why!"

"I 'specks dat one reason why de parrot lives so long is dat he ain' good to eat."

## TIMELY ENTERPRISE.

"The political situation is developing a considerable amount of acrimony," remarked the observer.

"Yes," answered the candidate.

"It's a good thing we had all those photographs taken early in the campaign when we were still able to look pleasant."

## DRIVEN TO IT.

"Let principle take the place of inspiration," thundered one worker for the uplift.

"Wouldn't do for me at all," declared the press humorist. "When I haven't an idea for a joke, I have to steal."—Exchange.

## HEADING HIM OFF.

"That was a pretty tall story the last speaker at the meeting was telling."

"Perhaps that was why the chairman cut him short."

## ADHERING TO FACTS.

"I met Jim Jones the other day, and he told me that just now he was living high."

"So he is. Jim's a motorman on the elevated road."

## HER BLUSHES HIDDEN.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt, at the Long Branch horse show, said of the sheath skirt:

"You know those thick double veils, similar to a Turkish woman's, that they have been wearing in Newport this summer? Well, they say in Newport that the other day an extremely pretty girl appeared in a very daring sheath skirt."

"Her father took her to task about it."

"Don't you think," he said, "that the skirt you wore this afternoon is most immodest?"

"But, papa," said she, "I wear one of those thick double veils with it."

## HOT-WEATHER CLOTHING.

According to a Spanish physician, white clothing is unsuitable for use under a blazing tropical sun. He declares that people should wear red-colored clothing to keep cool. The disturbance of the nerves of the spinal column by excessive actinic rays reacts upon the stomach, he says, upsetting digestion as well as causing sunstroke. The remedy is a non-actinic covering for the skin, and a red lining for wearing apparel and helmet gives instant relief to the troubles from a torrid sun and enables a workman to stand exposure with comfort.

## WILLING TO OBLIGE.

"When you feels any temptations comin' along," said the friend and adviser, "you mus' say, 'Get thee behind' me, Satan.'"

"Da's what I done said," answered Mr. Erasmus Pinkley, "an' den I 'magines I hyuhs Santan answer me back, 'Da's all right. We's both gwine de same way nohow an' it don' make no diffunce to me which leads de puhcession.'"

## SOMEWHAT ANNOYED.

"What sort of a time did you have while you were abroad?"

"Not very satisfactory," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I saw a great many historical curiosities, but I kind of resented having the waiters and cab drivers put on airs over me because they could speak French, the same as mother and the girls."

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